DEVOTED TO POLITICS. LITERATURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS

STRINGFELLOW & KELLEY.

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EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 1.

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The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express noce to the contrary are considered as wish ing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance

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3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their perfoducials from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible, till they have settled the bill and ordered them discon-

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5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facis evidence of intentions fraud.

The Poet's Column.

00000000000000000 KATE'S REPLY.

BY MRS. P. S. OSGOOD. I'll tell you something chanced to me,

(A quaint and simple story). Before I crossed, with decaming heart, Old ocean's gloom and glory.

Around me came three graceful girls, Their farewell whispers breathing-Julia with light and lovely curls, Her snowy shoulders wreathing.

And proud Georgine—with stately mein.
And glane of calm hateur.
Who moves a grace and looks a queen, All passionless and pure.

And Kate, whose low melodious tone.

Is tuned by Truth and Feeling—
Whose shy and wistful eyes talk on,
When fear her lips is sealin.g

"From what far county shall I write?"
I asked, with pride elated;
"From what rare monument of art
Shall be my letters dated?"

Julia tossed back her locks of light, With girlish grace and glee;
"To me from glorious Venice write,
Queen city of the seal"

And thou, Georgine?" Her dark eye flashe "Ah! date to me your lines From some proud palace, where the pomp Of olden Honor shines."

But Kate-the darling of my soul-

My bright, yet bashful flowe In whose young heart some new pure leaf, Seems to unfold each hour,

Kate turned her shy sweet looks from me, Lest I her blush should see, And said—so only love could hear, "Write from your heart to me!"

THE BRAVEST LOVE THE BEST.

BY MARY PRANCES KYLE.

DEAR DORA, when thy lovers sue To hear thy love confessed, Remember that my words are true-The bravest love the best.

The titled coxcomb's jeweled hand May lead thee through the dance; The polished courtier's whispers bland An evening may entrance;

But he who on thy ringlets fair Should place the bridal wreath.

Is he who would not fear to draw His good sword from its sheath Not be who boasts his valiant deeds

All others do eclipse; We only hear the brave man's praise Upon another's lips.

Then ere within thy gentle heart Love smiles himself to rest, Remember that my words are true— The bravest love the best.

THE VOTE. A weapon that descends as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.

Miscellaneous.

The Power of Music.

We were seated in the cabin of the stea

ner Ocean. There was a large number passengers who seemed desirous of beguiling the tedium of the trips by contributing something to the general amuse-Among the passengers was one

lank specimen, whom no one could fail to recognize as Yankee. He sat somewhat apart from the rest, notwithstanding while the singularity of his appearence did not fail to draw many curious eyes towards

At length, when all resources of the company seemed exhausted, one of them turned dubiously to our Yankee, and politely requested him to favor the company with a song.

"A song!" echoed, he, looking up.

"Yes sir; you sing, do you not?" "I did once," replied he, "and I may add it saved my life." "Saved your life!"

All were eager to hear how this could be, and after some little urging, the stranger consented to gratify them.

"You must know," said he, "that I was one of the first to go to California when the report first reached us at home of its stores of gold. It was nothing then to what it is now-a perfect waste in fact, with hardly a mark of civilization, where now you can see flourishing towns, numbering their thousands of inhabitants.

"Being fond of adventure, I separated from my company, and determined to find the way to the diggings myself. One night I found myself lying upon the grass, with my pack for a pillow, just on the edge of a large forest. It did not enter into my head to be afraid till it became somewhat dark, and I heard with fearful distinctness, the cry of the prairie-wolf. I listened again, and was alarmed to find the cry coming nearer. Evidently they scented me.

"At length a whole pack of the bloodthirsty rascals came bounding on till they came within a hundred feet of me, and then they stood still, and then they began to draw nearer.

alarmed. I endeavored to think of some possible way of scaring them. Having heard that they were terrified by the sight of fire, I lighted a match. They drev off a little, but immediately retraced their steps. This movement was repeated on both sides. I found this would never do; I must think of something more decisive .-

"I recollected having in my youth attended a singing school for the space of two evenings, during which I received some indistinct notions of the manner of singing "Old Hundred." That recollection saved me.

But what?

"Without more ado, I began, and did as well as I could. By the time I had got through the first line, I observed that the wolves began to look wild and uneasy, and -will you believe it, gentlemen?" said the narrator earnestly, "before I finished, every individual wolf, putting his paws ap to his ears, scampered away as if old Jack was after him!"

A shout of laughter, both loud and long. followed this narrative, at the end of which the speaker, who had not stirred a muscle, gravely continued:

"You see gentlemen, I have been frank with you. I did not wish to take undue advantage of your very kind and complimentary invitation without forewarning you of the consequences. If, after what I have told you, you are still desirous of hearing me, I will endeavor to give you "Old Hundred," which is the only song I know, and to which, for reasons already given, I feel

uncommonly attached." It is needless to say that he was unanimously excused.

Thomas Ford committed suicide in N. Y. on Monday, by shooting himself .-Cause, hard times.

Why do you set your cup of coffee pon the chair, Mr. Jones?"

"It is weak ma'am," replied Mr. Jones demurely, "I thought I would let it rest."

"Brethren," said a staid and learned oracle of the pulpit-"My dear brethren, there is a great deal to be did, and it is time we were up and didding on't."

A thousand dollars were lately offered for a vote, in the Legislature of New Jersey!

A girl recently stole a pair of gloves giving as a reason that she only wished to

A Specimen of Eloquence. Fellow-citizens! I join in this argumen-

down in the lambent streams from the about his eternal adamantine throne, as-tonishing the heavens, and as the poets say, opportune moment to get accordiated." we have the proof in our personal experi-ence. desolating the earth. As the cascade leaps twine, and curl, and cling, in smoky fires pugnibus calabus. I am as strong an antibonder as the rock of Chimborasian Gibwild strike me broad across. This question is boiling, is fusing in me like the bowels of Etna and Vesuvious, and I will not have it quenched. I came here tosissippi, as it beats, and foams, and frets at the rock of Gibralter. I am as firmly planted on this floor as the peak of Teneriffe begirt by the surging of a thousand seas. My mind is as lucid as the flashing of fiery volcanoes, and I fancy I can see this bond question in all its bearings, with the unshackled eye with which the eagle meets the sun, from this humble temple of the votaries of justice to Chimborazo's

most superior brow. The morning sun rises on the eastern hills; is she to go down before the night comes on? No, no, no! This is the most philosophical view of the question that the human mind can present, or the human intellect can comprehend. I am therefore, teeth and toe-nails, opposed to the payment of those Mississippi bonds. Men may talk of this matter as they please; but as long as the Mediterran lashes her surges at the foot of the Gibraltarian rock, there will be found in Mississippi staunch men.

Gibraltar, Teneriffe and Chimbarazo nay bathe their heads in ocean's crimson foam, but the broad spread eagles sons of our State will never cower to their beacons erous draught. or their talons. Carcless of their beacons or talons, like the whale in the mighwhen my stomach can't bear them, I can the night hideous. throw them up.

Voice in the crowd .- You're a sword-

Voices .- A Mississippi cat-fish. Order, pleted.

Are the ends of justice to be impeded thus? No, sir-ee. Let the curs bark .-Her course is on the mountain wave; her home is on the deep. Could any spectator gaze on this view without being convinced? No, sir, no! Bonaparte in all his conquering splendor, might march to Chimborazo, Gibraltar and Teneriffe, with all his opposing armies, and if a repudiator stood on the top, he'd march them down again.

Lightning may scathe, and the ocean surges beat against me; earthquakes may tumble me from the sunny summit of Mt. Sinai. I may be blown to atoms, and I will be still unmoved, unchanged.

As nature, unassisted, created the himself. As nature blew the breath of one hazards to hint at it. life into the nostrils of man, let man look out to keep it there, and breathe purely where it is there. As the vast expanse sprung from chaos into form, and shape who stood near her, and said, "Cous the mighty deep, its rage tempestuous, so troduce him to me." do I appear before you, and so do I take my leave of you all, my everlasting repu-

diators, my unquenchable water hosses. Hand round the liquor, for I'm thunder-

Martha, have you hung up the

"No, madam, I placed them in a state of suspension-hung is vulgar." Fifty-two persons were arrested in

New York on Sunday last for drunken-

WHAT'S IN A NAME?-A correspondent of the Missouri Republican states that the City of Chicago derives its name from a small river flowing through it which was called by the Indians "She-kaw-ko,"

The Know Nothings are carrying the municipal elections in Virginia they we hope not,-become a formidable party "Trot him off, John! trot him off! that is in the next presidential election.

which means a polecat or skunk.

ATCHISON, KANSAS TERRITORY, TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1855.

Dansays that a year or two ago he hap-"ould Ireland." liked "a bit of a taste of

On one occasion, in her husband's abfrom the precipice; yes, fellow-citizens, as sence, Mrs. Dan noticed that Pat and Mike the avalanche rushes from the hen-roost, had procured a supply of the "craythur,"

summit of Popocatapetl, which leap, and a deserted shelf in the chimney corner. Women, you know-God bless em, nefriend's wife took advantage of the merry ralter, and will stand to my track though dog's attendance to their "chores," and abthe earthquake should tremble me, or the stracting their jug, substituted in its stead an out-and-out quilting frolic. one exactly similar in appearance, outwardly so, but not in its "in'ards."

At night the boys bunked in upon the kitchen floor, and Mr. D. and his lady renight as the rushing of many waters, as tired to their room, the door of which openthe sweeping torrents of the mighty Mis- ed into the kitchen, where they could have a view from their bed of what might transpire between the "bog-trotters."

When Mike had given what he suppos-

"Arrah, Pat! let's have a drap" "Begorry, so say I, Mike; it's as dry as

chip I am, entirely, this blessed night." Up both sprang, and Pat reaching the ing, took it down from its perch, and in full view of Mr. D. and his wife, who were watching the "motions," took a swig."-But the expression of his face was anything but a favorable comment upon the contents. Mike noticed the contortion, and exclaim-

"Pat, what the devil are you makin' sich a bad look over the whiskey for?" "Faith, Mike," replied his companion recovering himself, "it was no bad look at all, I was afther making. I was only

thinking what a smooth drink it was, "Hand over here," cried Mike impatiently, and applying it to his lips, he took a gen-

"Blurenages!" he roared, rushing for the door where Pat followed him, and the noise ty deep, I swallow my own Jonahs and of their efforts at "heaving Jonah," made

> My friend and his partner thought they would crack their sides in bed, laughing over the affair; and next morning he went to the jug and shook it, but it was badly de-

"Mike," he cried, addressing one of two sickly-looking Irishmen as ever complain-

ed, "what on earth has become of all the linseed oil!" "Linseed ile, is it, sirt" exclaimed Pat, with an air as though something had clear-

ed up a great mystery to him. "Yes, I want some to oil the harness, and I see it's almost gone."

The poor fellow only muttered-"Lin seed ile, it was sure, bad luck to it then; it went down mighty smooth."

This was too much for my friend, as he overheard this observation, and he had to give vent to pent-up laughter, at which Pat "vamosed," but in such high dudgeon, that the mention of a "smooth drink" verse, human nature must take care of it wakes up the shillelagh in him whenever

The Belle and the Student.

At a certain splendid evening party, haughty young beauty turned to a student and symmetry; as the mighty earth rolls John, I understand your eccentric friend its seasons, presenting its rich benefits to L.____ is here; I have a great curiosity man, so do I, with feelings as tranquil as to see him. Do bring him here, and in-

The student went in search of his friend. and at length found him lounging on a

"Come, L ____," said he, "my beautiful cousin, Catherine, wishes to be introduced to you."

"Well, trot her out, John," drawled , with an affected yawn.

John returned to his cousin, and advised her to defer the introduction till a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received. The beauty bit her lip; but the next moment said, "Well, never fear! I to find with us individually, for any neg- fireside, discussing with the old lady (his on all the slaveholding States of the Unshall insist on being introduced." After some delay, L

and the ceremony of introduction performed. Agreeably surprised by the beauty and commanding appearance of Catharine. L -made a profound bow; but instead of returning it, she stepped backward, and raising her eye-glass, surveyed him deliberately from head to foot, then waving the will gain strength South, and possibly-but back of her hand toward him, drawled out, enough!

Kissing under Duress.

The following incident develops a mode tation as the lion with his mate. I appear pened to have in his employ a couble of of enforcement of the claims of personal before you as the lightning leaps and pours "broths of boys," who like all the jolly respect, through the medium of constrained attention to a third party, which, to say black, impervious, humid storm-cloud. As something" consumedly well; and often in- the least of it, is peculiar. Of its perfect the artillery of Jove rattles and clashes dulged in it to his grievous annoyance, for success, however, in the present instance

In the days when we were young-"Oh! would I were a boy again!"-we made one of a happy throng of youngsters, who, af-Bright as the glaciers from the Alpine and stowed the jug that contained it upon ter having spent a delightful afternoon in the various duties and amusements usually incident to an old-fashioned "quilting in about its up-lit apex, while I expatiate in- vertheless-hardly like us of the sterner the country," such as rolling up, toteing ordinately on this all-absorbing question, sex to "liquidate," and with her sister's water, threading needles, &c., found themproverbial aversion to the "red eye," my selves with the quilt out, the room cleared and swept, the chairs all placed against the walls, and everything in readiness for

> Our party, in addition to the boys and girls, included several married persons, some older and some younger, most of whom had just dropped in to see the young folks enjoy themselves, and to partake of the creature comforts which usually constitute an important feature in the programme on such occasions. But among them were - and his newly wedded wife, John Bed was ample time for the "boss" to go to the latter of whom, by the bye, was scarcesleep, he "hunched" his neighbor, say- ly sixteen, and decidedly the prettiest girl in the room. Her husband was a man of

about five and twenty, full six feet high, and withal had the reputation of being the best man" in the district, and ready at short notice to prove it. After the usual preliminaries in the way of small talk and compliments, just to wear off foolish embarrassment, the order of the evening commenced with the play called "Contentment," and as many a pawn was paid and faithfully redeemed-not by re-

peating verses of poetry, standing five ninutes with the face to the wall, walking three times around the room blindfolded, or any such tame performances as are commonly practiced in the more refined circles of the city, which only serve to remind one of the better times in the country-but in the primitive way, by good, old-fashioned honest kissing, that sounded out clear and distinct like the cracking of a wagon whip, set the old folks' mouth's to watering, and nade old Mrs. Deal whisper to Mrs Skelton that "she didn't see why a married woman couldn't enjoy plays just as well as single gals; for her part, she didn't see

difference, because she was old, it reason she shouldn't feel young." The sport continued for some time, the boys ever and anon slyly peeping at the pretty face of Mrs. B wishing that they could select her as a partner, but restrained by the fear that her stalwert husband might think proper to resent such a liberty with his new bride; in consequence of which latter impression. she was, for the time being, a mere wall-

This state of things was observed by John, who, construing this lack of attention to one whom he thought as deserving as any, into a want of proper respect to wards his wife, and by reflection towards himself, determined it should no longer pass unnoticed. So, rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and, in a tone of voice that at once secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I've been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't wan't to raise a fuss, but-"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen of us. "What do you mean? Have I done anything to hurt your feel-

"Yes you have; all of you have hurt my cers, and became captains of these d-d feelings; and I've just got this to say about it. Here's every gal in the room been kissed mighty nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single kiss tonight; and I just tell you now, if she don't east," who professed to be deficient in sentiments which inculcate in the minds of get as many kisses the balance of the time hearing, but, forsoothe, was more cautious slaves, that the system by which they are as any gal in the room, the man that than limited in hearing, as the sequel will held in servitude is morally and practicalslights her has got me to fight-that's all. show. Now go ahead with your play's!"

lect on our part.

A young lady on being asked it she intended to wear that new bonnet to church, said that she did not intend to wear anything else !

Gathering about these premises," said a pigs, and resolved to ask him for Sall. pretty damsel, as she put on he new skirt. a great bustle, too."

PROVEERES.

Silence is of different kinds and breathes lifferent meanings.

If fun is good, truth is still better, and we best of all. Art and science have no enemies but

se who are ignorant. Men who make money rarely saunter;

en who save money rarely swagger-

recious in his sight who hath won it. To contradict a man in argument is to knock at his door to see if there is anybody

Private men, for their virtues, have been nade kings, for their vices, have been He perhaps was not in love ; but how

nany people ever do love, or at least marry for love, in this world? The longer we live, the more our experience widens; the less prone are we to

adge our neighbor's couduct, to question Whenever an accumulation of small de fences is found, whether surrounding the prude's virtue or the man of the world's

respectably, there be sure, it is needed. The woman of sensibility who possesses erenity and good temper, amid the insults of a faithless, brutal husband, wants noth-

ing of an angel but immortality. Northcote, the painter once said that the devil tempted everybody but the idle tempted the devil : and that the inside of the skull was the devil's workshop.

When Zachariah Fox, the great merchant, of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrited to relize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was: "Friend, by one article alone and in which thou mayest deal too, if thou pleasest-it is civility

Revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the Sublime Civilizer emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and nothing so debases him as revenge.—Bulwer.

ON A PRINTER.

Here lies a form-place no imposing stor To mark the bed where weary it is lair

To be distributed to dust again.
The body's but the type, at best, of man,
Whose impress is the spirit's deathless page;
Wern out, the type is through an eternal age.

A Frist Rate Hit.

If our "stern wheel captains" don't like as one of their own tribe told us the tale. A very old and somewhat pettish gen- band. tleman was coming up the river a 'few days' ago, and got particularly out of humor with the captain of the stern wheel craft, and in his wrath dainned the captains of such boats generally. The following conversation was heard between him and his little boy, as they approached the "Cave in the Rock," about which the lad heard mon-

strous stories. "And is that the cave?" asked the boy, as the boat finally got opposite the

"Yes, my son, that is the cave." "And, papa, did bad robbers used to live

there, and kill people?" "Yes, my boy-they stole everything and killed everybody they could. They were great scoundrels."

"Well, papa, what has become these bad men?" The old gentleman scratched his head

and finally answered: "Why, you see they were nearly all captured, and some were sent to jail, and some were hung, but some of the greatest ras-

cals got away." "And what become of them, papa?" "Why," said the old man, with a great scowl, "they got away from the police offi-

stern wheel Toats!"

Hard of Hearing. A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived "down those Freesoil and Abolition doctrines and

It was a stormy night in the ides, of rupting and dissatisfying the slaves, and If Mrs. B was slighted during the March, if I mistake not, when lightning rendering their condition infinitely worse, rest of the evening, we did not observe it. and the loud peals of thunder answered and must, and ultimately will, unless speedi-As for ourself, we know John had no fault thunder, that Jonathan sat by the old man's ly checked, bring ruin and dessolation upintended mother-in-law), on the expedien- ion; and whereas, it is also manifest, that They dress cool in Lafayette, Ia. cy of asking the old man's permission to the agitators of the slavery question in marry "Sall." Jonathan resolved to "pop most of the non-slaveholding States of the it" to the old man the next day. Night Union, have demonstrated to the world, by passed, and by the dawn of another day the action of their meetings, legislative he old man was found in his barn-lot, feed- councils and other pretended civil and reing. Jonathan rose from the bed early in ligious assemblages, that they regard the

"Yes," quickly added her cousin, "and athan made his resolution, ere he bid the to slaves and are endeavoring to make it old man "good morning." Now Jonathan's nu honorable calling for their remiscaring

heart beat, now he scratched his head, and anon gave birth to a pensive yawn.-Jonathan declared he'd as lief take thirtynine "stripes" as to ask the old man; 'but,' said he, aloud to himself, "here's go it, 'a faint heart never won a fair gal," and addressed the old man thus:

NO. 14.

"I say old man, I want to marry your daughter."

Old Man .- "You want to borrow my halter, I would loan it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it and gone to the

Jonathan-Putting his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening voice, "I've got five hundred pounds of

Old Man .- Stepping back as if greatly alarmed, and exclaiming in a voice of surprise, "You have got five hundred pounds of honey? What in the mischief can you do with so much honey, Jonathan? Why, it is more than the whole neighborhood has use for."

Jonathan not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear, hawled out, "I've got gold."

Old Man .- "So have I, Jonathan, and it is the worst cold I ever had in my life," So saying he sneezed and "washed up." By this time the old lady came up, and

having observed Jonathan's unfortunate

luck, she put her mouth to the old man's

ear, and screamed like a wounded Ya-"Daddy, I say Daddy-you don't understand; he wants to marry our daughter." Old Man,-"I told him our calf halter

was gone." Old Lady .- "Why, Daddy, you don't inderstand-he's got gold-he's rich!"

Old Man .- "He's got a cold and the itch, he!" What's he doing here with the itch, eh?" So saying the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his walking cane, but happily for Jonathan, he dodged

it. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels; nor did Jonathan's luck stop here, he had not got out of the barn yard, nor far from the old man, who, run him a close race, ere Jonathan stumped his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old could "take up," he stumbled over Jonathan and fell sprawling in a mud hole. Jonathan sprung to his heels, and with the speed of the following, they need not pitch in" to us, John Gilpin, cleared himself. And roor She died a nun. Never had a hus-

Great Mass Meeting.

Pursuant to previous notice a meeting of the citizens of Weston and vicinity, was held in the Court House, in the city of Weston, on the 28th of April, 1855, Geo. Galloway was called to preside, and D. P.

Wallingford appointed Secretary. Judge Galloway explained the objects of the meeting, which were to take into consideration the acts of the citizens of Parkville and vicinity, in destroying the press at that place, as also to endorse or repudiate the resolutions adopted on that

On motion, Peter T. Abell further spoke of the objects of the meeting, and in defending the course pursued, and the resolutions adopted by the Parkville meeting. and spoke with great ability and glowing eloquence, to the gratification and with the

applause of the whole meeting. On his motion a committee of seven was appointed by the Chair to report resolutions for the action of the meeting. The chair appointed Messrs, P. T. Abell, S. P. McCardy, Lewis Ramage, G. W. Bayliss, J. W. Vineyard, James E. Walker, and H. Colman said committee, who after a retirement of half an hour, unanimously reported, through their chairman; the fol lowing preamble and resolutions

WHEREAS, It is now manifest that the speaking and publishing in Slave States, ly wrong, has already done much in cor-"There appears to be a great the morning, spied the old man feeding his people of the slave States as oulsws and athering about these premises," said a pigs, and resolved to ask him for Sall. Scarce had a minute clapsed after Jon- tion and laws of our country, in our rights